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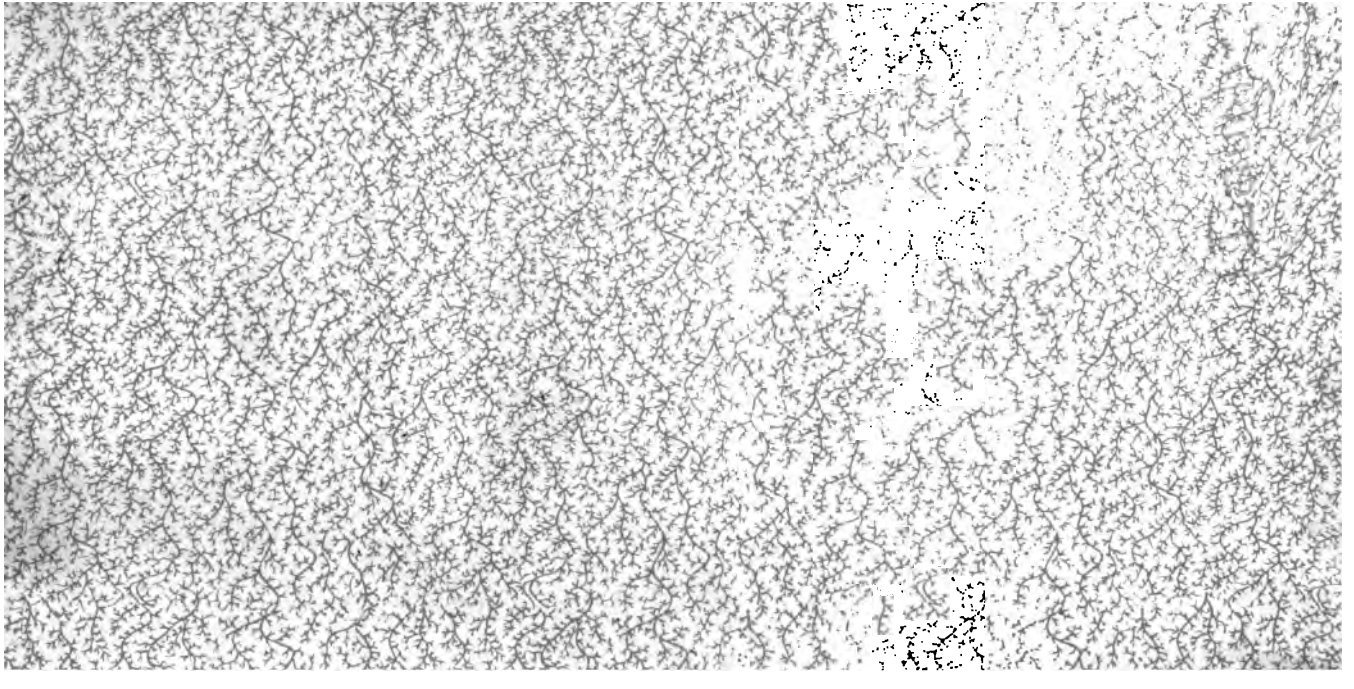

DAUGHTERS OF EVE,

BY A LADY.

PUBLISHED IN AID OF THE NEW YORK FEMALE ASSOCIATION, FOR THE SUPPORT AND INSTRUCTION OF THE INDIGENT

DEAF AND DUMB;

THERE BEING AT THIS TIME

Seventy Applicants,

WHO CANNOT BE RECEIVED AT THE INSTITUTION FROM INADEQUATE FUNDS.

"Prosper thou the work of our hands."

SCHENECTADY:
PRINTED BY G. RITCHIE, JR.
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1826.

16450

MYERS COLLECTION

DEDICATED,

WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,

AND MUCH PERSONAL REGARD,

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE READER.

Below *criticism*, and above *ridicule* from the sanctity of the cause; the author gratefully thanks the subscribers, for enabling her to become an humble, but gratified instrument of contributing towards the moral and religious improvement, utility and happiness, of the truly destitute, the indigent *Deaf* and *Dumb*.

The contents of this little work are only calculated for the partial eyes of *friendship*: but the author addresses the friends of humanity, and could devise no better means of uniting with those who are extensively and ardently engaged, in assisting a charitable institution.

Schenectady, *March*, 1826.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

When cheerful Brethren round him spoke;
  Friends listening with delight;
The heart's kind sympathies awoke,
  Or playful Fancy's flight,
How sat the *Deaf and Dumb*? how *felt*?
  Poor youth! that answering eye,
  That mournful heaving sigh,
    Untutor'd thought,
    In vain has sought,
In what those nameless somethings dwelt.

Causing the eye's quick glancing fire,
  The animated smile;
The flushing cheek, now flushing higher,
  As youth devoid of guile,
With nature's free, and buoyant graces,
  Gives to its bosom friends,
  Pure as the breeze that lends
    Uncheck'd, and sweet,
    Its vernal treat,
And roseate bloom its progress traces.

He sat and felt a blank within,
  Dreary and waste, and sad:
Withdraws the gaze, that strove to win,
  The *secret* of the *glad*.

Where does he turn for soothing love ?
Speech need not *there* direct,
Thought need not now reflect !
His *mother's* arms,
His anguish calms,
She points to Him ! who rules above !

He looks. Then slowly bends his head,
Still falls the gushing tear ;
His gentle sister thither led,
Her Friend—too *fair*—too *dear*
Love could exist, not spoke—not heard,
Intense, but unexplained—
The *Deaf and Dumb* refrained :
Nor timid look,
Nor nerve that shook,
The tumult told, that inly stirr'd.

He saw ! and felt *he* must not seek,
What others sought and won :
Forlorn the hope, he *could not* speak ;
Nature's lone helpless son,
Dared not a Lover's look to glance ;
To earth, his trembling fell :
Ah ! had he *speech* to tell,
Or ear to hear,
How soon from fear,
Might love's fond suit advance.

O were some useful art acquired,
Knowledge *what* others say,
To act with man, like them inspired,
How short were *tedious* day.
How sweet like them, to toil for bliss,
They mean to call their own ;

When some *swift* days are flown,
With manly pride,
May seek a Bride,
How exquisite reward like this!

A mother's watchful eyes perceive,
Instinctive she beholds,
What never can *her* love deceive,
Though in the bosom's folds.
She traces woe where none suspects,
In hearts her own has form'd,
Her tenderness has warm'd—
Not *such* disguise,
Can smother sighs,
Conceal the cause which there dejects.

Her heart still throbs, when memory flies,
Through retrospection's maze;
Back to the morn of life's young sighs,
Love's sweetly magic gaze.
Back to its fondly dreaming hour,
Its hope, its fear, its smile,
Its joyous air built pile,
Lighter than down—
Crush'd by a frown,
One look rebuilt the fairy bower.

She knew her speechless child's distress,
But knew of *no* relief.
Ah! when his blushing face would press,
Suffused with shame and grief—
Hide on her bosom: *Who* could tell,
Its sympathizing pain?
O *could* it but obtain
Deliverance, joy

For him! dear boy,
What transports would that bosom swell.

E'en more than while in infant days,
When prattling childhood charms;
Her *Deaf and Dumb's* bewilder'd ways,
Found refuge in her arms.
Then oft her watchful, anxious ear,
To catch some sound would strive;
A glimmering hope derive,—
From look, or start,
Her eager heart,
Fancied *expression* might be near.

Mothers well know what *mothers* feel:
A child forever *dumb!*
Forever *deaf!* O but to heal,
Would they not suppliants come?
Bring wealth, bring gratitude and tears;
What sacrifice too great,
Redeeming from such fate?
Parting with limb,
To rescue him!
A tribute for his happier years.

Judge then what rapturous, grateful praise!
What *overwhelming* thought;
Rush'd through her mind, in blest amaze,
When to the *Saviour* brought.
A single word released the tie,
That bound her loved one's speech,
Beyond all human reach:
The closed deaf ear,
Is *touch'd*—can hear.
The mute voice give a *plain* reply.

When through such *miracle* we trace
The *whole* effect—how vast!
He hears, he *speaks*; but how to place
Strange sounds? Together cast
Forms of *expression* never *heard*—
The hand alone that made,
Almighty Wisdom's aid,
A power so great!
Alone create,
New senses by a *touch*—a *word*.

But does not that Almighty power,
Now lend his aid divine?
His Bridal gifts, and widow's dower,
And maiden's gems that shine;
Are thoughts of *mercy* He inspires!
Gifts of immortal mould,
O Heaven and earth behold!
The Saviour's love,
Still from above,
With holy generous ardour fires.

With charity's *enkindling* zeal,
Excites to mercy's deed:
A word, a touch in *part* shall heal,
His children *now* in need.
Daughters of Eve—Christ bids them come,
He pities their distress;
Through you will teach, will bless,
Direct their way,
To labour, *pray*—
Bring to *Himself* your *Deaf and Dumb*.

EASTERN INDIAN.

The heat of noon was past; and from the grove,
Where Isabella's guards and bearers rove,
Gathering they come. The Palanquin is dress'd;
Her Edmund kindly to his bosom press'd
His happy wife. Gallant, and wise, and brave,
Fondly she lov'd him. They had cross'd the wave
In wars, and India's trying toils,
Edmund his earliest years had spent; its *spoils*
He never sought with grasping hand, or fraud;
Unstained his fortune, as his fame abroad:
At home the treasure of his wife, and friends;
Each *follower*—life and trust, and freedom blends
With Edmund's fate, whate'er *that* fate may be,
And served his lady with idolatry,
Journeying now—on special state affairs,
So sweet the season, Isabella shares
This novel pleasure; and *with him* all dread
Of casual danger, from *that halo* fled.
Thus far, delighted—picturesque the scenes,
And ever new. In cool retreats she leans
When fervent heat induced the long repose,
On his dear bosom. When the poet's woes,
Or joys: classic or *sacred* page he reads;
Then listens all entranced, while *beauty* pleads
With *christian* warmth, and energetic zeal:
Pleads as when woman for her sex doth *feel*

here as the refuse of the earth—and slaves ;
› ignorance condemn'd—to living graves—
› wretchedness, caprice ; To flames ; no youth
ith *patriot* love to interpose : no *truth*
› heavenly rays *may* teach *their* shackled mind :
ughters of Eve, alas, *ye* are consigned
› prove the *worst* of superstitious forms,
multiplied to these are *sorrows* storms.
' Edmund ! wide diffuse your power, and gold,
› spread the *saving* gospel : Be it told,
iis, this is yours, as *every* sacred cause ;
'r naught can change the impious *Shastru's* laws,
it *christian* doctrine. Sufferers of the East,
venty-five million female souls. She ceased.
:hold a long procession drawing near,
iests and spectators. In the midst appear
train of *girls*, in perfect health and bloom ;
:luded victims ! yonder stream your tomb—
ich round her shoulders earthen vessels bore,
npty, and large, and deep. They reach'd the shore.
he boats are filled. A priest each victim holds :
)e pauses not—her garment round her folds,
escends into the stream. Supporting strength
istains the hapless girls ; who fill at length
he hollow vessels. Now the priest withdraws·
hey sink : they *perish* amidst fiends applause !
dmund the awful sight beheld : He burn'd
'o extirpate such horrors ; eager turned,
nd all his spirit mingled with the soul
f Isabella's feelings : Both enroll
'heir solemn pledge to Heaven's Almighty Throne,
'o *change*, or meliorate. Ah, not *alone*,
'heir virtuous ardour in this noble zeal ;
'housands attend to *nature's* loud appeal.
ngland, America, their missions send

And individuals much treasure spend.
O woman, *every where*, appointed woe,
But here, *intensity*: Thou art below
The beast of burden. Isabella wept,
And long her pleasant thoughts sad vigil kept.
But *love* can soothe; and youth's elastic views,
Sketching bright plans and blessings, still pursues
Its sanguine good; and emulates, and strives,
And makes a Paradise of happy lives.
They journeyed on. And now a Tribe among—
Strangely impress'd with fear. Predictions tongue
Oracular decreed its certain fall.
Pronounced a *Female* should the crown enthrall;
Through her—succession from it pass away;
The royal Rajpoot marked the mystic day
Murdering his *daughters*: and his vassal tribe
The dread example followed. Mothers bribe
In vain relentless men. Yet wretched race,
Some Eastern mothers can resist the face
Of infant nursling; cruelly beguile
Their offspring to a *monster's* jaws—and *smile*.
Yes! Hindoo superstition *sense* defeats:
Here, join'd with policy—destroys the sweets
Of filial female love: Purest of love,
Man pledged its guardian, next to Him above.
One heart with nature's tenderness impress'd,
One sparing hand a *daughter's* fondness bless'd.
Grown up this lovely girl, her father's joy,
Could he! his Beenedora's life destroy?
In other tribes with rank her brothers wed,
And she remained along his path to shed,
The cheering ways of youth, and artless smiles,
And all the witchery that age beguiles—
Of dull monotony, where *christian* hope
Aids *not* to fill th' immortal spirits scope,

And where it does, to claim with grateful pride,
A *scion* of Eternity! To guide—
To foster—love; behold in worth expand,
Beneath a Parent's and an Heavenly hand—
A *Daughter*. Beenedora's many charms
Struck youthful eyes; and *jealousy's* alarms,
And *persecution* in the tribe awoke.
At first they shunn'd the Rajpoot: now they spoke;
Reminded him of custom: *crime* begun!
No parent sought this marriage for a son.
Tender affection was her guardian sure;
For Beenedora all he could endure.
Late in the Western Provinces there came,
A youthful saint, devout, and winning *fame*,
Who taught the Christian creed. Some felt, some heard
His new and strange, but inoffensive word.
The missionary mark'd each opening mind,
And Beenedora's parent, good and kind,
Shelter refus'd not; lamp, and rice, and mat;
And when he talk'd, his host attentive sat
Well pleas'd. Inquir'd of *his* far distant strand;
And why, in such frail health, he sought *their* land?
Fondly he trac'd to them his cherish'd home;
Describ'd his native city's Christian dome;
His country. Liberty's pure, honest pride,
Favor'd America, with joy would guide
Less happy India to the mighty power:
Crowning its peace: To God! its strength and Tower.
The Rajpoot mused; his timid daughter sigh'd.
When Walter picturing female life: supplied
With every comfort; educated free;
Honored and prized as woman ought to be—
They wondered! thought!—the missionary staid,
And careful sought around, for *every* aid
To propagate the glorious faith sublime,

Which led him to the east. Just at *this* time,
The Rajpoot's tribe, nearly with *force* opposed
His daughter's *living*. Doubts, and *threats* disclosed,
Till trembling for the honor of his name,
Goaded and driven to *desperation's* flame—
He drew his child aside; upraised his arm
To take her precious life. She, mild and calm,
Look'd in his face with love, and helpless woe,
"Strike, O my Father! Beenedora's blow;
She has no home on earth, nor in that Heaven
Which Walter paints! Her feeble heart is riven
For you! O you, no longer seem her sire.
Strike—'tis poor Beenedora's *own* desire."
"Stay! Rajpoot, stay!" a voice with fervor cries,
And Walter rushes in. "She dies: she dies,"
Her father *solemn* said: his hand still rais'd.
"O hear me, Rajpoot! Do thy child no harm;
A moment listen; drop that fearful arm.
In yonder shades two noble travellers rest;
Give *them* thy daughter; evermore their guest,
Their sister, friend. Safe, safe, with such a guard;
Thy peace, her liberty, do not retard.
The Rajpoot tribe will banish jealous fears,
And leave to *me* to sooth thy future years."
He paused. The Rajpoot stood transfix'd; amaz'd!
Tears long suppress'd burst forth, from eyes which gaz'd,
In all of Nature's powerful nameless force.
At last—in broken accents, deep and hoarse,
Half inarticulate, "Go my child! *go*.
Yet *stay* my Beenedora! Sweetest—*no!*
Fondly he strain'd her to his beating heart;
"There! there! 'tis done. My Beenedora part."
He hid his face. "O *once*, my father, *look!*
Once more." He turn'd—convulsively he shook.

When Walter grasp'd her hand : the weeping maid
Would stay—to go—to *live*—not die ! afraid
He hurried off. They reach'd the happy tent,
With *faithful friends* the gentle Indian went.

THE GENTILE.

When all distress'd for *help*—in nature's need,
On nature's God we call;
Whether in sickness, or our bosoms bleed,
From sorrows that befall.
So multiplied the various ills of life,
Injuries, losses, poverty, or strife,
Where *shall* we find,
The spot or *mind*,
Wherein no anguish dwells?
Seek the gilt court; the cells;
The rich; the gay;
The hermit gray;
Are we not heirs of sin and pain and woe,
Pre-eminent in suffering below?

If a fair moment gilds the joyous brow,
Swiftly a cloud obscures,
Bursts with o'erwhelming shock; some earthly vow
Is broke—and scarce endures—
The steadiness of reason, such a pang,
Rending asunder where affections hang
In bonds of truth,
The friend of youth,
Turns from the fond embrace,
Averts the long loved face,

What shall supply,
O broken tie,
Thy void? Deceived, bereft; the world disgusts,
And never as before the bosom trusts.

Perhaps the Friend of many years delight!
Her great Creator *claims.*
Ah! when the closing *grave* shuts from our sight;
Shook are these earthly frames;
While all within is palsied, strange! alone,
Her *place*—where is it? cold—beneath yon stone.
O upward soar
My thoughts! no more—
Dwell on *that* narrow spot,
Tho' ne'er—no ne'er *forgot!*
I know in light.
Thy spirit bright
Exists dear Baron; in pure bliss on high,
Then *should* I mourn for what no more can *die?*

Ten thousand thousand human ills molest,
Malice, revenge, destroy,
For children's griefs—how wrung a *Parent's* breast.
How blighted every joy!
Should shame attach to a fair *name* her pride;
An Husband's conduct, jeering crowds deride.
What then is wealth?
Where the mind's health?
Diseased beyond repair:
No friendly help can there
Raise the sunk eye!
Dispel the sigh!
The contumely of the world disarm,
Or e'er restore to her life's blighted charm.

But if some mother's dear and darling child,
With beauty beaming—

Like *her's* of Canaan, while the red lip *smil'd*—
Demoniac gleaming,
Search'd from fierce eyes—with horrible intent,
To work destruction whereso'er they bent.
Terror assails,
Here language fails:
In vain that mother pleads,
As soon the wild wave heeds,
Or rock beneath,
With gnashing teeth,
She foams, she rends, possessed. The demon hurls
The wretched maiden on; her hot brain whirls—

She falls convulsed, distorted. Silence there,
In pause profound looks on.
Clasp'd are the parents' hands. Her eye, despair.
Soon will *this* calm be gone;
Too well she knows. Again, again she heard
The scream—the dreadful execrating word;
Terrific speech,
The red lips bleach;
Naught o'er *this* power prevails,
No earthly balm avails;
Nor time, nor art,
One hope impart
To cheer the sufferer's miserable state,
Relieve her offspring from this direful fate.

What sounds go through the land! Sidon and Tyre
Strange *miracles* proclaim!
A Prophet! Ha! what new born hopes inspire
Jesus of Nazareth's name?
She goes—beholds! She supplicates—adores
To heal *her* child, with perfect *faith* implores.

That faith to *try*,
Unheard her cry;
But his soft pity *felt*,
In agony she knelt:
Lord! *help me Lord.*
Should *He* accord
"The *children's* bread, and cast it to the *dogs?*"
No anger checks—no *doubt* her spirit clogs.

This humble Gentile all her *distance* knew,
From such *perfection!* Still
Prostrate *besought.* On earth her sad looks threw,
Submissive to his will—
But meekly said: "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat,
Crumbs from their master's table—at his *feet.*"
Now! gracious Lord!
Now was the cord,
Imposed on thy blest *will*
To save from *every* ill,
Loosed from its hold,
Her *faith* like gold,
Pass'd through a fiery ordeal—perfect, pure;
It shone in brightest *proof*—her Daughter's *cure.*

FEMALE DONATION,

OR

THE SEA BOY.

Where shall such weeper rest? ah, where shall find,
An earthly sympathy such wounds to bind?
* * * * * * * *

Thus mourn'd a wife; and bitter tears
Dropp'd from her down cast eyes. Of days gone by
Her grief partook; and trembling fears,
And terror's quick, and agitating sigh
Quiver'd her lip, when forward rush'd,
The piercing glance of future years of dread.
O'er her sunk cheek the crimson flush'd,
Then left that cheek—pale as the shrouded dead.

Hear'd she a *scream?* Her Alfred's voice?
The heart struck mother hurries to the door,
Ah! *no* thou timid one rejoice!
'Tis a lone sea bird from the distant shore.
The gathering clouds a storm portend:
God help the houseless wanderer, is her prayer;
And is He not the surest Friend,
And *helplessness* is ever watchful care?

But ah, the *guilty*. Low she bends;
Her drooping head clasp'd by her trembling hands.
Justice *may* spare where mercy blends,

A pleading *Saviour* for each sinner stands :
But deep repentance must be *felt*,
Salvation sought. For him hath *my* soul striven.
She paused. The lovely mourner knelt,
And anguish breathed a suppliant's prayer to Heaven.

Bright was the morn of Ellen's days,
For every joy of happiest youth was her's!
The Linnet's sweetest carol'd lays,
Whose artless warblings nature's bosom stirs;
Pour'd not enchantment through the air,
When Spring's unfolding beauties bring delight
On hill and dale; more free from care
Than the lov'd maid of Sparrowflight.

A wealthy yeoman's youngest child,
The eldest married to his heart's content;
Brought prattling grandsons, gay and wild,
And many a blissful holiday was spent
In that paternal home of peace,
Which virtue, health, and prosperous seasons crown'd
With Heaven's best blessings of increase,
For Christian patriotism till'd the ground.

There cheerful independence hail'd
Each opening year; fair promise of the last.
There charity—while it bewail'd
The countless sufferers of the *world's* keen blast;
From *every* season's bounteous store
Laid by the *poor man's* share, and kindly gave
"Measure press'd down and running o'er,"
And pure advice—the erring soul to save.

For there was one beneath that roof
His father's *almoner*—and Friend combined,
Ne'er felt, ne'er knew the heart's reproof,

So close was *duty* with his *love* entwined.
Obedience, tenderness, and truth,
Affection nourished; while his radiant eyes
Spoke the simplicity of youth;
He *seem'd* the native of *far* brighter skies.

Noble of form, erect and firm,
Graceful in speech, to win fair Lady's love;
Bore in his bosom honour's germ;
His step like champion of the *gauntlet glove*.
A champion he! but of the Cross:
The choice of holy orders his free will;
He counted every gain as loss,
But such as glorified his Maker still.

And next to Heaven's was filial care;
William and Ellen saw their *Mother* die
For them! had heard her last fond prayer,
And infant memory impress'd *that* sigh,
Which closed a life of truest worth:
Cherished a father whom she lov'd so well,
Surviving author of their birth—
Example, pride—whate'er young speech could tell.

Dear to them *all* his eldest joy,
His married Fanny—Ellen's sweet delight,
Her *Friend*. Friendship without alloy,
When *Sisters* thus the ties of blood unite;
No pride of circumstance; no chance,
No questionable *motives* intervene,
No doubts e'er check the fond advance,
To that dear breast, on which the heart would lean.

No secret that may not be told,
Fearless the heart's infirmities revealed;
Sure that indulgence will infold

'ith arms of kindness, and from sorrow shield ;
While tenderness, with judgment true,
ndeviating watchfulness employs,
That its lov'd object should pursue
'he path of rectitude, with all its joys.

To this fair Paradise there came,
ust at the close of one sweet summer's day,
A youthful *stranger*. "'Tis the same,
limself! as when a youth he went his way,"
Exclaim'd the yeoman. "Speak, O speak,
)r I shall call thee vision of Vanneth."
His *son*—the stranger answered meek,
Alas! a son whose father's sudden death,

Robb'd *him* of every earthly tie.
I have no mother, sister, brother, friend,
In this wide world to hear *my* sigh.
Unus'd to *labour*, even a thought to bend,
That such perchance *might* be my *lot* ;
Scarcely a school boy's simplest lessons given,
In eastern luxury forgot ;
Am a poor lonely outcast, hither driven.

To seek *thy* shelter, and advice,
Of all mankind my father prized thee most.
Ah ! had he done like thee, then dice,
Dice and corruption's life destroying host,
Had spared their victim. *He* is gone—
Bengal we left. His health was much impaired.
Long favouring fortune round him shone
In gainful years. Much he had *rashly* dared

In speculations, gambling, cards ;
Ever successful, till. when homeward bound
A villain join'd us. Him might bards

Of old, and modern song have truly found
The model of a *Fiend* in story;
So form'd to please, he won all hearts at will,
I listen'd; dream'd of love and glory;
My *Father* listen'd;—then would try *his* skill.

In tales of wonder! Then they *played;*
First lost and won by *turns.* Still deeper staked;
Money, and notes, and bonds were paid!
Your friend *now* only *lost.* Too late awak'd!
He play'd against a *sharper's loaded dice,* not *luck;*
And by the captain of our vessel warn'd,
Grasping a fork—my angry father struck
The quivering hand, with infamy deform'd

Fast to the table. Pardon sought
If all was *fair.* His *guilt* the villain knew;
But quick as swift revengeful thought,
Wrench'd the pierc'd hand, and from his bosom dre
A deadly weapon. Fired! The ball
Struck sure. My father in the cabin fell—
Not dead, but dying. Now the call,
Of *Pilot, Pilot?* Vain my lips wou'd tell

The frightful agony, the strife
To *live,* and reach the *shore,* seemed *all* the aim
Of him, whose fast departing life,
No aid of man prolonged. He called my name,
Press'd to his heart my kneeling form;
And gaz'd, and gaz'd, with fondly lingering look.
Soon ceas'd the pressure to be warm,
Death's cold convulsive grasp each fibre shook.

"Enough, enough, you have disclos'd,
Come to my arms," the friendly yeoman cried.
A moment there the youth repos'd

While pitying Ellen with compassion sigh'd :
And William from his father's breast
Vanneth received, " Brother and friend to *thee*
For ever let thy sorrows rest
And share *my* Father's, Ellen's love with*me*."

Tears dimm'd Vanneth's black sparkling eyes ;
His dark brown cheeks with grateful blushes glow'd.
Lowly he bowed. " Ah what replies
But tears can *feeling* make, when thus bestowed—
All that fond *relatives* could shew
To welcome dear *affinity* ?" He sighed,
" Yet farther let me speak my woe,
A *few* words more, thenceforth my sorrows *hide*.

The Murderous gamester sprung away ;
And as our pilot's rapid boat made sail,
Leap'd on its deck. From that foul day
All search to find him, prov'd of *no* avail.
Soon as our destin'd port we made,
My parent's corse committed to the tomb ;
I sought his agent. How dismayed !
Not *one* of all my joy's were left to bloom."

Vanneth from that sweet summer eve,
Whose setting *sun* to him its *rising* seem'd ;
So brightly dawning hope did weave
A budding roseate wreath ; and pleasure gleam'd,
And love, and Ellen near him drew,
In blissful smiles as on his dreaming bed,
The hours of night in slumbers flew,
And morning light, to waking blessings led.

They *lov'd ; they wedded ;* and that home
The yeoman gave his Ellen ; 'twas his pride
To visit ; for no splendid dome,

The nuptial present of a *princely* Bride,
Ere rose to regal eye, so proud,
Ere brought such transports of parental swelling,
As when with joy he *thought* aloud,
Exclaim'd 'tis Ellen's! *Her's!* my *darling's* dwelling.

The happy year pass'd fleetly by,
And Ellen bore the young Vanneth a son:
Soon her sole bliss. She with lone sigh
Beheld a baseless fabric only won.
A fair *exterior* love had gloss'd;
And artless fancy will conceive it gold;
Oft maiden happiness thus lost
In married wretchedness; unseen, untold.

William was now among the band
Of those who minister in godly things.
Hoped in his own sweet native land,
To speak the praises of the *King of kings*.
Not thus it pleased creation's Lord,
Another way his wisdom had decreed;
And O, that wisdom can reward
In ways past finding out, he suits our *need*.

The yeoman died: embalm'd by tears:
And William *pale* his sisters now deplored;
While anxiously they watch'd: Each fears
That precious health would never be restored.
But *one* who better knew life's frame;
He, deeply skill'd in Physick's noble art,
Pledg'd the wide choral of his fame,
With Heaven's benignant blessing on his part.

To save their William from the grave;
Nay more! in *perfect health* he should return,
Would he but plough the ocean wave,
And *there* a Christian pastor's laurel earn:

As chaplain of some gallant ship,
His country's brave defenders, faithful teach:
A few years thus improved, each trip
That bore him back to proud old England's beach,

Would bid him firmer tread the shore;
And health and strength renew. Assured he went,
And grateful bless'd the *sainted lore*,
That taught the healing art; and joyful spent
His time, and talents, in the cause
So sacred held; and ah, how blest was he!
His hearers venerate its laws,
The hardy veterans of the Burnaby—

From long and distant cruise he came,
Yet scarce could give a brother's fond embrace;
Scarce could the tender girls exclaim,
With rapt'rous joy, "Welcome, dear blooming face,"
Ere hurried duty bid farewell!
And much his gentle nature thus was spared:
There was no time for love to tell
Of *sad* import, joy only then was shared,

Or he had bitterly bewailed
Vanneth a gamester, drunkard, almost fool;
His very senses sometimes failed
In gross ebriety. The easy tool
Of every crafty poltroon's hand;
His purse their prey. Yet he ador'd his wife,
And sometimes long would fondly stand,
Listen to all her kindly virtuous strife;

Rush to her bosom, where his child,
A lovely little Ellen, smiling lay:
An instant there those pains beguiled
Which rack'd his wretched bosom night and day:

Swear to reform. Then clasp his boy,
The darling Jack; so had they playful named
The *mimic Tar*. Ah, then no joy
Compared with that his doting feelings claim'd.

But soon again the slave of wine:
Reduced; in debt; chill poverty within.
Monstrous indeed who thus consign
All they should shield, a sacrifice to sin.
Friends interpos'd, and debts were paid.
Did Ellen weep, when, as she gazed once more,
Mark'd each dear spot of sun and shade;
And left for ever that once happy door!

Yes! Ellen wept, but press'd the arm
Of him who curs'd the world, himself, his shame.
Soft as an angel's voice might calm,
Her gentle comfort flow'd. It well became
A suffering Christian thus to speak:
"My hapless husband, O submissive bow;
And while a distant home we seek,
Though clouds surround, yet mercy guides us now.

Still you are spared; still live my love;
Time given to reclaim mistaken ways:
He who beholds us from above
Will hear a penitent whene'er he prays:
His prodigal returning
Sees from afar—extends paternal arms;
Omniscience all discerning,
Pities the contrite: Christ his wrath disarms."

"No, not for me! cease, Ellen, cease!
Perdition is my doom—horror, despair!
My soul's black darkness will increase:
Cast out, cast out, from the Almighty's care."

He broke away ; and striding on,
Clasp'd his wild hands, and sever'd them as quick;
Then paus'd : then turn'd—so ghastly wan,
Faintly exclaiming, " Ellen ! sick, O sick.

What dost thou *pray?* Yes God *is* nigh :
But mark ye ! not for *me ;* for *you,* for ours :
That he may pardon every sigh.
Breathed for *my* worthless self. Bless all *your* hours
And guide these little ones to good,
And give you——Hark ! hear I not rattling wheels ?
Haste from the covert of this wood.
I bid her haste : But ah ! too much she feels

Too much already is she spent—
Give *me* the infant. Come, sweet cherub, come."
While little Alfred playful went ;
Now ventured once to tap his silent drum.
Again a peaceful *home* was theirs :
Humble the cottage, but so fair the scene,
It seem'd a solace for all cares ;
Midst flowers and flocks ; on England's loviiest green :

Where play, or dance the rustic youth,
At twilight's dear and ever favorite hours ;
When village lover plights his truth—
By some sweet hawthorn, scattering fast its flowers ;
Embarrassed—heeds not that he flings
The perfum'd blossoms round his listening maid :
Emblems of love without *its stings ;*
O *might* these emblems never, never fade.

Temperate *awhile* Vanneth remained ;
But soon his *master passion,* like some fiend,
All its possessing power regain'd :
No more on Ellen's fond advice he lean'd.

Week after week, and oft away;
His favorite haunt a distant *sea port* town;
Thence Ellen each slow moving day,
Vainly expecting, watch'd the night stars down:

And the unhappy man of late,
Frequent from home, her little boy would steal:
Sometimes he feign'd, to hear him prate:
Sometimes in *angry* mood, with heart of steel,
To *torture Ellen*—curse her fears;
Ask if she meant to keep him at her *knee*,
To wipe a foolish mother's tears,
And say his prayers, and knit, and sip her tea?

Two months! no tidings of her husband came.
Heard she a scream? Is *Alfred* nigh?
Again! again! With *superstition's* shame,
And rapid glancing of the eye,
Fearful she looks each way; slow rising—stands
Mute, motionless with horrid *dread;*
Imagination bursts through reason's bands:
Who cries the *darling Jack* is *dead?*

Vanneth rush'd in—and at her feet
Sunk as bereft forever of each sense.
That cry, ah! needless to repeat,
Had strength permitted. Agony intense,
And pity, and despair, in turn
Fevered her brain. Long did she strive to raise
The wretched man: alas! to learn
A withering tale; it blighted all her days.

Thrice on his knee he rose—then fell
Convulsively to earth. Again *essayed*
With trembling nerves and lips, to tell
A *deed demoniac.* Aghast, afraid—

For Ellen frantic look'd—had fled.
She caught his hand; "O stay; my thoughts grow wild
My Alfred! where! O where! *not dead!*
Vanneth! Vanneth! have mercy! where's my *child?*"

"Cast to the *sea*, by *this* vile arm:
Dash'd on the foaming billow's angry roar.
Intoxicated—ha! she's calm.
The innocent had *begg'd* from door to door,
Ask'd *bread.* He came to *me*, foul fiend!
Hungry; in tears, besought to take him back.
I bid him cease. Fondly he lean'd
On *this! this* hand. O give your darling Jack

One little piece of bread—just *one*,
Then take me *home.* He sobb'd—ask'd bread *again*—
I gnash'd my teeth—I've *none*, boy, *none!*
No! not a morsel. Hush! I'll *end* thy pain."
No more distracted *Ellen* heard.
Her wild eyes stared in dreadful horror round:
She grasp'd the air! And now there stirr'd
A busy noise; approaching footsteps' sound.

Vanneth, the constables had trac'd—
Pursu'd for *debt.* Instinctively he flew,
For conscience wing'd the culprit's haste.
A *murdered child!* The gallows seem'd in view.
Yet clasp'd he Ellen to his breast;
Clasp'd, and reclasp'd: once ardent kiss'd—then fled.
Too much! she sunk to that last rest
The broken hearted find; among the *dead.*

* * * * * * * *

From a rock dash'd into the deep,
The little Alfred struggled on the waves;
Tried in his infant arms to keep
A floating spar. O, Heaven in mercy saves,

When man in madness would destroy :
For soon the feeble hold had lost all power,
And soon had sunk the helpless boy ;
Death been his portion that eventful hour :

But now, a ship of war in sight,
Breasting the billows with majestic ease,
Tack'd towards land. Quick, as to fight,
A boat was lower'd, and quick the sailors seize,
Each his tough oar, then pull away—
With all a seaman's ardour, who befriends
Whate'er is helpless. Silent they,
For keen anxiety its terror lends.

Nerve every arm. He sunk—he rose—
They raise their oars. Too swift the steersman turns,
While Bowline stoops ; the motion throws
The veteran on the wave. But oh ! he earns
The cheering plaudit ! holds on high,
Rescued from *death*, the faint, the lovely child.
Speechless and pale, and clos'd each eye,
Awhile he lay. Seeming his spirit smil'd

To shew that he still liv'd : Would live
To prove his gratitude. The ship regain'd,
The seamen of the Leo, give
Their little charge refreshment. All refrain'd
To question once this cherish'd guest,
Till soothed his infant mind, and every fear,
The captain folding to his breast,
Where gentle nature felt with nature's tear—

For *infancy* thus thrown on men ;
Unskill'd in such soft cares as he requir'd ;
Ask'd for his name ? He promptly then,
"'Tis *Jack*—the *darling Jack*." When he inquired

Aught of his *friends?* with eager eye
Would call his *mother:* fearful shriek, and hide
His death pale face—ask, "is *he* by?
O do not let *papa* come near my side;
He curs'd, and threw me in that water wide."

Years roll'd along; and Alfred grew,
Robust and hardy, yet of gentlest mind;
His office suited both; for few,
So strong in early youth; so tender, kind,
E'er help'd the sick or wounded tar,
With such firm hand and sympathizing heart;
The grateful boy in peace or war,
The sailors nurse; *his* every soothing art.

And studious he in those long hours,
As idly flap the rolling vessel's sails;
Those tedious calms, when feeble powers
Sink into listless musings; sigh for gales,
Which ah! in furious rising, soon
Deep in the vast o'erwhelming ocean wave,
Before another sun-gilt noon,
Alas! these dreamers may from mercy crave,

For one *lost* hour of precious time,
To make us ready for the unknown doom
Awaiting man in *every* clime,
Too short the longest passage to the tomb.
Alfred, the frequent sight of *death,*
Impell'd to such reflections, as bespoke
No common mind. The last hoarse breath
A suffering seaman drew, *his* thoughts awoke

To contemplation. Where is now
The spirit gone? for it can never *die?*
Distinct from that pale mortal brow,
Where late it spoke, as from a turret high

Command, or pride, or sadness, hung
Like silent banner, when a heavy cloud
Sits low, and scarcely moves among
The rattling cannon, from the ramparts loud;

So man in *sadness*: when the world
Rushes around him—in wild tumults driven;
Dense are his thoughts—his hopes all furl'd—
He scarcely heeds them, for his death-blow's given.
And *must* all die? I see, I feel we must.
Awful and terrible! and *sinners* where?
When this poor suffering human dust
No more embodies spirit. O declare

Again unfold the blessed Book,
And let, O let *me* hear, and ever *live*.
The chaplain held his hand; with look
Of Christian love which he could only give.
Read, and remark'd, explain'd the while
With lips that spoke *undeviating* truth,
And eyes that shone as free from guile,
As angel's beaming on a mortal youth.

'Twas William smil'd, and look'd, and prais'd;
Yet knew he not, his long lost sister's son!
Nor that her husband's hand was rais'd
In murderous madness. A deed then done
Most horrible. The tale he heard
Of Ellen's sudden death—her husband's flight
From all the penalties of jail,
Immers'd in *debt*. But since the solemn night

When *little* Ellen, and a line
Yanneth in anguish at a cottage wrote,
Where brought as then desired; no sign
That *he* yet lived; nor spoke that wretched note.

ıt of his little boy; his fate,
wn to all, but his *own* conscious soul,
ch seemed to read distrust or hate,
y infant eye, beyond controul.

ful he shunned their artless gaze,
ı sharp daggers of reproach and scorn.
led from what in other days,
en the rapture of each breaking morn;
infant eyes of waking joy—
ierub looks, and fondling laughing bliss,
playful frolick of his boy,
al from Ellen's lip, his father's kiss.

ıory was madness. On he went:
ıo from *thought can fly?* close, close it winds
eb unseen, but never spent;
edom thence the guilty sinner finds,
deep repentance. Mercy hears:
l! in Christ's redeeming love *records*;
ed are penitential tears
Faith presents them; heavenly peace rewards!

for Vanneth! scorpions within;
st, nor solace, found the wretched man:
direst penalty of sin
cience. Conscience! the murderer's ban,
ully terrible! but *just.*
e shall one soothing whisper plead
inst its doom? Ah, not from *dust;*
ch a *crime*, to weep, to mourn, to bleed;

not arouse the prostrate form,
e eye beam like hope upon despair:
clay cold bosom cannot warm;
ice awake! nor power, nor skill, nor prayer,

The fearful vision haunts for ever :
In sleep a spectre, *marrowless and void*,
Points to that flame, *extinguished never* !
Awake ! the murderer feels his soul destroyed.

Toil worn, and famish'd, and forlorn,
Vanneth had cast himself beneath a tree,
Wishing for him ! *no* rising morn :
Yet dared not hasten death to set him free.
Evening drew round in silent shade ;
The nightingale began her vigil sweet,
Pouring along the perfumed glade,
Harmonious trillings ; balmy treat

Even to him who guilt infolds.
The sudden trampling of impatient steeds
Broke the soft spell. He sprung ; he *hodls*
Two fiery horses. Nature ever pleads
When woman's voice is heard distress'd,
In man's responsive bosom for his aid.
They plunged ; their traces broke. The rest
Was safety, but still trembling, and dismayed,

A female form scarce seem'd to live.
Vanneth assisted : On the verdant grass
He gently placed her ; strove to give
Supporting confidence : But she, alas,
Half fearing, by his haggard mien,
His heated eyes, and wretched looking state,
A *lunatic* or highwayman, was seen ;
Shrunk from his side. He saw, deplor'd his fate.

" Lady, a *Cain* I am !" he cried,
" But fear not, though the curse so deeply mark'd,
Reveals my guilt. You will not chide,
Pity me : Relieve. I soon shall be embarked,

Where woman's timid eyes no more,
Nor childhood's startled gaze, shall turn away.
At *sea*, amidst the battle's roar,
In toil and suffering; O that I *might* say

Suffering *could* expiate! I go—
Resolved the ocean *too* shall be *my* grave.
The *same*, the *same*. Nay, start not so."
Instant he left her, and assistance gave,
Which soon completed *such* repair,
As served to warrant safe procedure on!
Attendants now with tender care
Their mistress softly hurried to be gone.

The night approached. She mildly turn'd,
Bowed kindly to Vanneth, who stood beside
The *impatient* steeds. Her pale cheek burn'd;
For mingled feelings which she could not hide,
Rush'd through her heart; but pitying *zeal*
To save, to comfort, overcame her fears:
She reached that *book* which can *all* heal,
Can save, *can* comfort, wipe away *all tears*.

Then with *impressive* voice she spoke:
"O hapless fellow-creature! if *despair*,
In that torn bosom hath awoke
Thoughts of *destruction*, self-destroyed, *beware*.
O listen *first*: whate'er thy crime,
Thy sorrows, trials, or misfortunes are,
Here read thy *pardon*. Ah! when *time*,
And life, and hope, set like yon evening star,

This, immortality bestows:
The star of *Bethlehem*, on our sinning world,
Sublime to light its darkness rose;
Satan forever from its radiance hurl'd,

And man repriev'd from death and sin.
Read, and *believe* and *live*. Poor sinner *read*
The inspir'd and healing word within ;
'Tis everlasting life ; here *Christ* doth *plead!*

His mercy on thee! and farewell!
Go and repent thou sufferer—"sin no more."
The book was given. A gold piece fell
Within his shattered hat, as low before
This animated form he bow'd,
Nor utterance tried ; his heart too full for speech ;
But *inly* his moved spirit *vowed*
The blest *Donation* should his sick soul *teach*.
. .
Imprinting on its sacred page
The pilgrim's kiss : accepted *pledge* in Heaven
A ray of peace his pangs assuage,
Though transient—without *hope to be forgiven*.
He knelt ; and downwards cast those burning eyes,
His right hand pressed his heart ; the left half rais'd,
Upheld with *trembling meaning* to the skies!
The book of life—the Bible— * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Year after year in *seaman's* toil,
Vanneth endured the storm of wintry seas,
And scorching suns ; nor trod the soil
Of *any* land, for recreative ease.
Silent and sad, though not unkind,
Amidst his fellow tars, he pass'd for one
Part stricken by the *moon* in mind ;
Except when *duty* placed him at his *gun*.

Then with prompt energy, and bold,
His form assumed the "very front of war"
Courageous. England ne'er enrolled
Among her brave defenders, never saw

Spirit more daring or unmoved.
The *foremost* man in deeds before the mast,
Their *heart of Oak* by all approved,
Yet shrunk from praise, as though he were the *last*.

And now his sea worn ship in port,
Needed repair. The sailors full of glee,
Paid off, dismissed, in merry sport
Gave all past hardships to the winds and sea.
They flew to bliss on shore: but he
Who could not taste of bliss, sought *not* the shore,
Boarded a ship whose destiny
He knew not, but as *outward* bound it wore.

He sailed—ah! no effect of *chance*.
Soon, on the main deck of the *Leo* standing
The word goes round: "our foes advance;"
Then every gallant seaman's heart expanding,
Breathes a fond prayer for love and home,
Springs to his station; midst the rolling seas
Assured as if beneath the dome
Of sculptured safety, is the sailor's ease.

Now honor, glory, and their country claim
Their hearts, their arms, their noblest, *best* defence;
Add *they* one leaf to laurelled fame!
Heal'd *every* wound; and *gladden'd* every sense.
The battle raged. The proud strife done,
Low lies the officer—marine—and tar,
Who valour's *last* impression, won
A death-seal'd brow. And many a scar

Surviving heroes bear along,
Their pride, and silent boast, midst friends on shore:
Theme of long story and of song,
When seeking yet *again* the battles roar.

Among the wounded and the slain,
Vanneth, exhausted—mangled—bleeding lay;
Scarce breathed to speak excess of pain,
His moving lips appeared alone to pray.

The *Sea Boy* nursed: His healing balm
Was soothing tenderness, and watchful care;
While the poor patient sufferer, calm
Meekly endured: but *death* was watching there.
Not all of surgery's bold art;
Not all the gentle Sea Boy's care, could save
From death's commissioned fatal dart,
The seaman from his long, long-look'd for grave.

Soft on his young attendant's head,
He laid his hand, and looking in his face;
"O youth!" he sighed, "for me is spread
The eternal register on high! may grace—
May Jesus plead! Redeeming Lord
In *justice* terrible, and power arrayed,
I know that justice *must* record;
Yet may the dreadful characters fast fade

Blood though they are: thy precious blood,
Shed for our sins, can cleanse them *all* away.
My tears, my burning tears—a flood
My penitence—since that detested day:
O *guilty* man." The chaplain now,
From other sufferers came in duty's round;
Instant perceived Vanneth's changed brow,
And fluttering pulse, and respirations sound,

Told his *near* end. He fainting gasp'd.
The Sea Boy sought a cordial cup to give;
With trembling hands the sick man grasp'd,
And drank the proffered draught and strove to live

Struggling it seemed for power to tell,
Some secret of his soul. "O raise my head
Kind boy. One moment I would dwell,
On that mild face; those ringlets round it spread,

Bring to my thoughts"—He paused once more;
The chilling dews of death were gathering now,
But yet he strove. "Child, I have wore
An *image* in my *heart;* and *fancy* thou—
Yes, *fancy* that *my* child, if here,
Would thus support his dying father. No!
I plunged *him*—dreadful deed! Come near,
Let me but *whisper*—that I cast *him* low
Into the yawning sea." * * * *

The Sea Boy started in amaze!
"O speak," he cried, "live! live! raise those dim eyes
And on this little locket gaze;
Forever worn by *me*, since infant cries,
Won from my mother's bosom, *this!*"
The dying sailor panted—look'd—reviv'd.
A smile, seraphic smile of bliss,
Spoke ere *he* spoke. "My God! he hath survived.

I thank thee Lord of Life. *My child*,
And *Ellen's name!* I die in peace; *'tis* he—
He who in drunken phrenzy wild,
Sweet innocent! *I* cast upon the sea;
But God *preserved*. O, I faint.
'Tis joy!—Feelings too powerful. Alfred! son!
My darling Jack!" Ah! who could paint
The mutual clasp? All explanation done,

The chaplain gently laid him down,
And kindly said, Vanneth, 'tis *William's* arm,
"My Ellen's brother and no frown?
One word—my little daughter?" Safe from harm,

Good and belov'd. "Take, take *me* hence."
While in *his* hand, fast lock'd a hand of each.
"Saviour," he cried, "Saviour of men!
O let *thy* minister my Alfred teach.

My child! *Thy* child! to *live*, to *die:*
That in thy *many mansions* we may meet."
He ceas'd—and breathed his parting sigh.
The Sea Boy knelt. His solemn tears were sweet.
William a moment silent stood,
Then kneeling, took the awe struck Sea Boy's hand:
"Great God," he cried, "forever good
Thy angels ministering round us stand—

Thou savest when all aid is vain;
Yes, even from *ourselves* thy grace restrains;
Averting our immortal pain;
Thus telling sinners, mercy ever reigns—
The soul of man thy mighty care.
O child adore! our gracious Lord adore,
Who saved your life; and from despair
Rescued the *parent* whom you now deplore.
Come to my heart, we part, dear boy, no more."

Vanneth's remains the deep received.
His child with beating heart, watch'd the strong wave,
That circling round, his hammock wreathed
With sparkling foam. Pensive his comrades gave
A heartfelt sigh—and turn'd away,
For shrill the Boatswain's whistle gave the word.
Alas! *what* track shall lead? *what* ray
Of sun, or moon beam point? *what* sound be heard,

To tell where rests the Sailor's corse?
But cheerly seamen—in your country's heart,
His *memory* lives—his *fame*—his loss:
Then trim your gallant sails, and do *your* part;

Spread to the winds, and press the waves;
The God of nature shall sustain your bark,
Shall guide the helm though tempest raves,
Or ye entombed amidst the billows dark:

Is he not *with* you through *that* shade?
He wants no beacon where to find a soul;
'Tis his! with life or death arrayed,
In earth or ocean; both does He controul.
Thus William taught; the listening men
Around in numbers eager throng; each hears:
And pleased the *Sea Boy* gathered then,
And much in *private*, all that man *best* cheers.

Of *life to come*, bright aim and end.
His kinsman, William, waked each noble power,
Maturing thought. So would he blend
Instruction with reproof, that this wild flower,
Luxuriantly in culture rose
Beneath his care; such care intensely given,
To animate, instruct, disclose!
And track the path of virtuous man to heaven!

Found its reward. The Leo cruis'd
To distant seas: at length safe anchor'd *Home*,
No more the pensive Sea Boy mused
On future scenes, where *chance* might bid him roam,
For William urged, his friend, his guide;
The *church* proposed; and his responding breast,
With pure integrity replied,
It met his *ardent* wish. Onward he press'd;

Gathering instruction e're he taught;
Pursuing steadily his course, sought first
Riches above conception's thought;
Brighter than earth's, which glitter, rise and burst;

Treasures on *high*! for them he soared!
Sublimely triumphed! God his grace bestowed;
Gifted the spirit that adored!
And from his Sea Boy's lips, his gospel flowed.

The robe of righteousness he wears,
True preacher of his great Creator's laws;
The sacred honor reverently bears,
Spreads the full lustre of his Saviour's cause.
His grateful thoughts with generous interest turn,
To *them* the laborers of the briny deep;
Might his ascending prayers like incense burn,
No seaman's soul in earth born sin should sleep:
No woman's pitying eyes from error weep.

NOTE.

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a *stranger* rose, and related the terrible *fact*, of a father throwing his little son, who entreated for bread, into the *sea*, under the influence of intoxication and despair, having spent his all. The child could give no other account of himself than that his name was *Jack*. The unhappy father's subsequent conversion, was effected through the means of a *Bible donation* by a lady. The anecdote has been published, and therefore I will only add: Should that *stranger* ever meet with the foregoing poem, he will, it is hoped, pardon the *imaginary* filling up of his report.

THE SISTERS.

The orient morn's first glowing beams,
Dispel Judea's night,
And feathery clouds their gilded forms
Disperse in softest flight.

The sisters woke: With joy embraced:
The sweetest morn they knew,
Their Brother *lives:* and he was near—
From whom that bliss they drew.

They rose. This *new* born brother met:
Their Lazarus beheld!
And *dost* thou live? fond Martha cried;
And Mary's bosom swell'd.

I *live*, my sisters, yes, I live!
To love and to adore:
Him! the *Messiah*, sure with us!
Who else could thus restore?

Methinks I hear those heavenly sounds
First on my senses stealing;
And then from sweetest balmy sleep,
I wak'd to light and feeling.

Gently—as tho' with fondest care,
To cause no quick alarm;
My mother's touch—or thine belov'd!
Had broke my slumbers calm.

It was *His* voice ! our Friend ! our Lord !
Herald of every good,
His *look !* can earthly words describe ?
I breathed—I thought—I stood.

Radiance sublime ! my all, my trust
Henceforth—till death *again ;*
My onward star ; my light, my *God.*
Healer of every pain.

That day our blessed Lord partook
With Simon, who prepared
A public feast ; and flocking crowds
With eagerness repaired,

To look on Him ! whose spreading fame
Jerusalem had caught ;
None could *deny* what *many* saw !
The miracle he wrought.

Was Lazarus to be a *guest,*
Seated at Simon's board ?
Who in his grave four days had lain,
And then to life restored !

He was : But *anxious* Martha heard
A plan of deep extent—
Design among the envious Jews,
Of treacherous intent.

Lazarus to kill ; and thus destroy
The miracle's display :
With every tender art she strove—
With all that love could say ;

Besought her brother to remain,
Nor trust himself abroad

Assured him on his life was set
A perilous reward.

" Martha, my sister ;" Martha paused
Her Mary's words to hear.
" My sister, *who* is insecure,
That is to *Jesus* dear ?

O canst thou think he will not save
The life so late bestow'd ?
What human act can separate ?"
Her fervent spirit glow'd

With that pure faith which firmly fix'd,
No doubting terrors seize,
Martha's rekindling thoughts reflect
The *confidence* she sees.

Forth from the olive shade they walk,
Their cultured garden's sweets,
With fragrance springing to delight,
Bloom'd rich around those seats

Where the adored, the wondrous Friend,
The *Saviour* would recline ;
And Mary gather at his feet
The word of life divine.

Devotion, thou dost linger there,
In that blest garden, pause ;
With grateful joy would learn with her,
Heaven's benignant laws.

O *could* our vision but *perceive*,
Our ears obtain one *sound :*
Immortal things to *sense* revealed,
Above earth's heavy sound,

The spirit *satisfied* would rest,
Till call'd to glory's height!
Where reigns Jehovah! but rejoice,
Though not to *us* in *sight*

His *word* is here; with perfect *truth*
Eternity unfolds—
His love—his precepts, still the same;
The soul in *faith* beholds!

Day now declined. In Simon's house
Composed our Lord was sitting;
His watchful foes within, without—
Around their victim flitting,

When turning soft his glorious head,
A weeping woman there!
She ventures at his feet to kneel,
While veiled her tresses fair.

A countenance all loveliness,
But penitential shame
Bent to the dust, in floods of tears
She breathes his holy name.

Those contrite tears his feet have bathed,
She wipes them with her hair;
A box of precious ointment pours,
Her incense offer'd prayer.

Simon with specious glance observ'd;
With Pharisaic pride,
Secretly spurn'd the hapless one—
But heavenly *mercy* sigh'd.

He from whom every human thought,
None shall conceal the view.

Rebuked his host. Then look'd on her!
Whose faith—and *hope* he *knew*.

"Thy *faith* hath saved thee; go in peace,
Thy *sins are all forgiven*."
She rose, believed: In peace withdrew—
And trod the path of Heaven.

PHÆ.

THOUGH *taste* deplores her Athens' ruin'd form,
Religion builds in everlasting strength,
Where Grecians buried their idolatry:
Its banner waving in *true* Patriot hands,
Shall o'er the *crescent* finally prevail;
All Greece revive, in renovated splendour.
The ancient classic purity was stain'd,
When polish'd sages worshipp'd *Deities*.
Philosophy and Science! what were ye
To guide immortal mind to its true Heaven?
To serve the Almighty, not the "*unknown God*."
O proof to demonstration; man requir'd
Reveal'd instruction, to release his soul
From *Idol* worship. The *wise* Athenian 's
As far estrang'd, as *Afric* Pagan's mind.
Pegu's Shoemadoo priest's of Mahsumdera,
Or *Birman's*, prostrate at stone Guadma's feet,
How does the Grecian hero of this age,
Smile at the pageant of an heathen's art,
Great, and renown'd—and *Pisistratus!*
His lowest Christian peasant scarce believes,
Athenians once such mummery could bear;
Such imposition on plain common sense,
When Phæ triumph'd, as *Minerva* borne;
Truly descended from Olympus' court,
To plead in *Athens*, Pisistratus' cause,
And crown'd the future Archon with success!

ble heroine of *Christian* Greece,
hing silence hears of Phæ's deed;
ive listens, while she *seems* to say—
is a part I tremble to attempt:
t, when Pisistratus doth implore,
des, Minerva in my image moves,
embolden'd. But *can* I disguise
es well known as Phæ's to the people?
garland maker at each public feast!
ter of Jove! to see thyself thus *mock'd*,
will descend upon the impious *cheat:*
sistratus doth bend whom he will.
not heard that wily stratagem
ich he drew all eyes and lips to hail?
plaudits reach'd the skies! when he with steeds
drous speed and strength, rush'd thro' the plain,
like Phœbus in his morning pride,
ful and bright in early glory;
g his cerule car through azure fields—
an Apollo! half transformed to *Mars:*
eaming wounds crimson'd his neck and hands
inflicted, powerful deception.
e deluded multitude acclaim'd!
dauntless eloquence—with matchless grace—
ars fast flowing, and pretended tale,
rce *escaping* fierce assasin bands—
l'd triumphant! The listening Forum,
'd his oaths of life devoted zeal
r defence—all hail'd the *banish'd*-man,
volution like a torrent flood,
helm'd and swept away, each weaker thing.
from banishment he comes, for Athens;
very eye will on that figure rest,
manly dignity—*purpose; resolve*—
irresistible in voice and look.

Methinks I hear him pleading now with *me*:
My Phæ! shines the bright helmet dazzling?
The burnish'd shield—the lance—the *whole* complete?
Art thou Minerva every inch? Thou art:
Behold the Goddess in majestic stature;
Thence springs victory! But thou, *lovelier* far;
More feminine. Those pale brown tresses part
On this fair forehead—smooth as statuary;
And thou must hide the brow—it is too mild.
Thine eyes are soft celestial—yet are *woman's*,
Shedding their sweet enchanting beams—like *Love*,
Minerva's glances are etherial light;
Wisdom's command; and fortitude, and power.
Thy lips are too like Nature's earthly smiling.
Arm! arm thee, Phæ! or thou art a *Venus*.
Then to the painted portico we stole;
And gazing from its height, he cried, my Phæ!
Give! give me Athens—Athens the world's diadem;
Which mortal genius fondly ornaments.
Sacred temple of the Dioscuri!
Athenian youth! who now with solemn oath,
Swear never to desert your ranks—Greek pledge—
Fellowship or *death!* My spirit clasps ye;
Polish'd as brave, surpassing all makind,
In grace—in learning—sciences, and arts:
While individual taste in *home* presides;
For ev'ry home exhibits as a lens,
The image and expression of his mind,
Who there reposes. Proud *united* taste,
The public feelings speak in yonder structures:
Oh! on fair Athens do I really look,
Or on its *semblance?* No! ye groves of beauty:
Gardens lovely: Bright flows yon rapid stream,
Meand'ring round your picturesqe delights—
True to my senses and divinely felt.

I pause; but 'tis with rapt'rous joy, to view
The distant ocean, bounding this blest scene.
Climate salubrious! clearing the dull brain;
Winging the spirits with elastic flight—
They spring—they soar—they seize on sov'reignty!
But, turn we, Phæ, and revise our plan,
Before the morrow's dawn. My *Goddess*, come!
Let us with art, each circumstance arrange,
Of character, and *caution*. Shrink not, Phæ;
I *know* this wise, but *wonder-loving* people.
Yet, my Minerva, at thy shrine, I fear
Hipparchus will forget, thou'rt call'd *divine*.
Thus! thus, pleads Pisistratus. Still I dread
The Goddess *mock'd*. But for *Hipparchus'* sake,
I yield, to serve his greatly daring father.
And *proving* love for *him*, would lowly kneel,
With cypres *wreath'd* for *death*, receive the sword
Of angry Pallas, or Jove's bolt of thunder.

ARISE.

"Laughed him to scorn." Meekly his radiant brow,
Wore the same tranquil full repose:
That breast sublime with pity glows.
No heartless scoffing could impede him now,
On mercy's healing wing he goes.

But mark the *Ruler's* speaking glance,
The waving of his lordly hand;
As round about the door *they* stand—
Who would prevent the Lord of lords' advance.
He opens! Gentle comrades fann'd,

As though to life *they* might again revive
A maiden, on her couch *expir'd*,
That Ruler's child—whose soul desir'd,
To fold again his precious girl *alive*
Waved his command, and all retir'd.

His steady faith in Jesus Christ was great—
So perfect—so entire—so strong:
Jairus! thy name, in mortal's song
In *every* language, nation, age and state,
Where ever earthly rulers throng,

Should shine emblazon'd, more than sculptur'd deed
Of war, or science, or the fame,
What e'er it be, that sounds a *name*,
Bids men arouse; and emulate or bleed;
And fleeting *human* favor claim.

Thy faith was blest—instant fruition thine.
The Saviour spoke: "*Maiden arise.*"
She wakes; fixes her azure eyes
On Him, on *Him* whose wondrous look divine,
Fills her with awful, sweet surprise.

Turns to her father. Soft pulsation's beat
Reanimated life reveals:
Her looks! parental transport seals.
No word is spoke—but at the Saviour's feet,
All His divinity he feels.

His daughter *lives*. Her mother's arms infold.
She bends her gently—prostrate—low:
With gratitude their hearts o'erflow.
Her *pains!* where are they? Ah! those words which hold
Life in their speech, can *health* bestow.

Amazement, love, and nameless feeling, springs
In her young bosom. *Perfect* bloom
Glow'd lustrous on her cheek. The tomb
Her sick bed thoughts; death's sad and countless stings;
Her parent's grief, in that chang'd room—

The pang of leaving them so kind, so dear,
For death's cold bed—turn'd thus to *bliss*—
And how *deserv'd?* O gracious this!
Her soul ador'd with holy joy and fear;
His garment's *hem*, she dares to kiss—

Then softly rais'd to Christ's her humid eyes,
With innocense and nature beaming;
Still, still to prove, that no sweet *seeming*,
Pictured delight! and banish'd pain and sighs,
Her health, her joy! no blissful *dreaming!*

Twas healing *truth*. O ye who love to praise
In faith and hope, our gracious Lord;
Who wake to Israel's King the chord
Of tuneful harmony's sublimest lays;
Strike to *his* name! at home, abroad.

The pure celestial theme shall pour along;
Mountains, and echoing vales reply,
The glorious strain that from on high,
Calls in a *Father's* language kind, but strong,
Arise! arise! the echoing song.

FANCY.

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

Written by request, for two young ladies, Miss SARAH —— and Miss MARY ——, residing on the banks of the Brandywine.

RADIANT trifler, hover round me,
Nor thy magic aid deny;
Fancy! let me gaze upon thee,
Touch thy vesture's changing dye.

She comes with light elastic bound,
Noiseless—fitful, not of ground.
Motley pinions half displaying;
Phantom! youthful eyes betraying—
False is thy mirror: But I view
One glowing image, fair and true,
Holds o'er thee supreme dominion,
Flies not on thy fickle pinion,
Virtuous Friendship; soul endearing
Life of love! its sorrows cheering.
Hope's sustainer: guardian kind:
Bond which angel's bosoms bind.

Sweet, sweet, are Fancy's moonlight pleasures,
Then the yielding spirit strays;
Gathering all the wanderer's treasures,
Flits with her—o'er trackless ways.

Passes yon far distant mountain,
Gently skims unruffled seas;
Then beside the Vaucluse fountain,
Feels Italia's classic breeze.

Soft! The poet's *laurel* trembles:
  Zephyr's wing perfumes the air;
List! that murmuring sound resembles,
  Hopeless love's low breath'd despair.

The child of Fancy! Petrarch thou,
  Genuine love possess'd thee never—
Apollo claim'd thy secret vow;
The muses sung—and deck'd thy brow,
  Laura, and love thy fictions ever!

Now from *Virgil's* muse crown'd tomb,
  Immortal streams *Parnassian* light!
But, in *this* forest's deep'ning gloom,
  What shadows cheek the wanderer's flight?

Are ye fair Sylphs? or Wood Nymphs, say?
  A voice in softest warbling trills;
A *second* joins. Enchanting lay—
  For Scotland's *heart* tun'd measure thrills.

O melody! thou influence sweet!
  I love thee, soothing power benign,
In woodland shade, or festive treat,
  With organ pealing words divine,
Or fancied on the *Brandywine.*

The banks now *still.* That sound is here,
  Of gliding waters onward stealing;
And leafy whisp'rings touch the ear;
Till *fancy* shapes the shadows near—
  In rising winds a trumpet pealing:

Sees on a broken ledge of rocks,
  A crested, *martial* figure stand;
Its craggy point his courage mocks—
  The soaring *star flag* in his hand.

Cynthia, from thy starry zone,
Earthly combat thou hast view'd;
When Phœbus has to Thetis flown—
Thou beheld the charge renew'd,
And paler turn'd, as *death* pursued,
Warriors fell—the *fiat* given,
Warriors fell—their hope in heaven:
Yes, in heaven when they fall,
In virtuous patriotism's cause:
When equal rights *invaded*, call
His sword, the son of *Freedom* draws.
But ever! O ever henceforward entwine,
Fair Eagle borne *Olive* and *Rose*:
Americans! Englishmen! hallow the shrine,
Where peace, love, and Freedom repose.
No more the *war* flag be unfurl'd;
United, ye possess the world.
On! on! blest nations—emulative *friends*,
Creation's glory in such union blends.

A burst of thunder's loudest roar,
Dark sullen clouds the moon obscuring;
Fierce lightning's forky arrows pour—
The "war of elements" enduring.

But tremble not, O timorous pair,
Fancy's pageantry is gone!
And were ye not in heavenly care,
When *real* lightning's round you shone?

In life—in death—the guiltless shielding.
No poet's license this, you *know*;
Nor *Poet's* pen, the writer wielding;
Muses on *me* no wreaths bestow;

Or I might praise in metric truth;—
And humble *names* few *flights* inspire;

Yet the select, of Hebrew youth,
Him of the Faithful call'd the sire—

A *Sarah's* virtues, charms and grace,
Forever won: and Egypt's king,
To paint *her* form, and beauteous face,
And all those *dangerous* charms to sing—

Had *Poet* turn'd. And *Mary* heard
In human mould—the heavenly *word.*
How throbbed her blest delighted heart,
Assur'd she chose that "better part,"
Which naught of earth *could* take away,
Guiding to life's eternal day.
O, youthful friends! her choice be *yours,*
Jehovah's love, *that choice* secures.

SAPPHIRA.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

ENNOBLING principle; divinity within;
Mark, the base worldling even its shadow wears,
Veiling corruption—treachery—deadly sin:
He, weeping virtue's trusting bosom tears,
Beneath its heavenly garb. *Falsehood*, the test
Of sin original—in every breast.

Mark ye the *infant* cherub's lisp'd imperfect speech,
Covers its baby fault; stammers *untruth*;
While a fond anxious parent's watchful duties, teach
The little idler, then the stripling youth,
That *falsehood* is a crime. But taught him how?
Has he ne'er heard *strict* parents disavow,

Some act of slight import? some promise unredeem'd?
Deception us'd to neighbor, servant, child?
Innate propensity! O, evil ever deem'd,
Source of man's misery. Thou *first* beguil'd,
Thou *falsehood*, human nature's paradise!
Aided by thee! *completed* every vice—

For who their victim's fate would e'er confess to *Him?*
Own the mask'd dagger that destroys his peace?
Who, midst destructive plans, the midnight lamp would trim,
Toiling through sin with every hour's increase—
And the next morn! the wily fabric *shew*
That crushes innocence with artful blow?

Denied such deeds: he meets; he smiles: mockery
profound.
Ah! where is truth? Alas! too many find
'Tis not in *natural* man: with him, a *useful sound:*
Its home, the renovated *Christian* mind
There, sparkling midst the mortal dross of earth,
It shines bright emblem of superior worth.

Yet there encumbering dross *may* soil its lustre—
Dim heaven's pure essence, while with earth allied;
Temptations; influences; round it cluster.
Mistaken knowledge of *ourselves* to guide.
Prompts some vain offering, which self love conceives
A sacrifice to *God!* The heart deceives—

Examination proves it. Vanity lurks there,
We look for praise of *men*, like those of old
A dread *example* made—in *mercy's warning* care,
That future generations should be told,
And ere *their* offerings *dedication* pause.
Is it all Heaven's? Conscience will judge the cause.

Lost, lost Ananias! didst *thou* not lie to God?
O but for *time* to warn *her* heart and tongue,
Who absent when on *thee!* the *death* inflicting rod,
In woman's pride, her husband's *praises* sung;
While *others* bless'd the meritorious deed,
Which to the Saints *appear'd* to serve *their* need,

Had *all* bestow'd. He, at the Apostle Peter's feet,
The price of *part* lay down. Why, punish'd man,
Didst thou not offer what a willing heart thought *meet*,
Serving the Lord thy God in *truth?* O, guilty plan!
Then thy deluding bosom's dearer part,
Had 'scap'd the vengeance of a two fold dart.

Confiding *woman!* easily induc'd art thou,
When man his wisdom with affection weaves;
Sometimes against thy judgment's holiest vow,
Soft nature stirs within thy breast, and leaves
The impression strong, of rev'rence to man's will,
Ordain'd in *Wedlock;* O, revere it still—

But not when higher duty, with superior claim,
Points to pure truth, with all its noble ties—
Bids you refuse the *wrong:* If fondest love should blame,
Choose ye the *right*, though 'tis *Love's* sacrifice.
Yes! Love, which chang'd to anger and disdain,
Like "wounded spirit," can the heart *sustain!*

Perhaps the fond Sapphira, *questionless* obey'd;
Bound *her* soul's hope in all her lord *call'd* good:
Both thought to serve the *faith*, new *Christian* converts made,
Firm in *belief* of Jesus Christ they stood.
Behold! Faith *without* works was *not* receiv'd;
Falsehood the holy heavenly spirit griev'd.

Conceive *her* bosom's pang! Horror could strike no more,
When Peter awfully pronounc'd her doom—
'Behold the feet of them are at the door,
Which bore thy *buried* husband to his tomb,
Shall also carry *thee.*" Keenly death stung;
The bolt of *needful* judgment, justice flung.

Works should a breathing of *hypocrisy* entwine,
Rise *not* to Heaven! God *that* eventful day
Too terribly impress'd an everlasting sign;
Nor charity—nor gifts—nor words that pray.
Man's offering no favor meets on high!
Wanting in *truth*, its costliest odours fly.

Shine not as full orb'd day, the Apostles' mighty *deeds?*
Christ's delegated power? They heal—destroy.
He whose creative voice miraculously feeds;
Nerv'd the lame feet, and tuned the heart to joy;
Bid *them*, with *words of life* their thousands feed:
They teach, *they* cure—to prove their faith, they *bleed.*

Strong are these wondrous *facts;* prove beyond secret doubt
Our Lord's *divinity*—the *Apostle's truth;*
Bearing full testimony by their lives devout,
And deaths, Their Gospel gives to *age*, to *youth*,
Foretaste of heaven. By its immortal means,
The *Rock of Ages*, safe a Christian leans.

A MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

CONRADDIN bent over the dead,
For the hero had sunk to his rest;
The spirit of Mainfroi had fled,
When the barb'd arrow pierc'd his true breast.
Silent the youthful Conraddin arose—
Spears glitter round—are they spears of his foes?
No! thousands shout aloud;
Their prince's standard crowd;
And *Liberty*, the cry;
For *Sicily*, or *die*.

His country's hope—his country's pride,
He led her valiant sons to battle;
Frederick of Austria at his side—
Beacons, amidst war's fiercest rattle.
Usurping Charles fled sullen from the field;
And Broiselave left in Florence his proud shield.
While thousands shout aloud,
Around their prince they crowd;
And *Liberty*, the cry;
For *Sicily*, or *die*.

The world's emporium with acclaim,
Rome, hail'd the youths victorious;
Their brows with fadeless wreaths of fame,
Her veteran chiefs bound glorious!
Yet, on these deeds, Rome's awful *Pontiff* frown'd—
And fearful anathemas dealt around.

Still thousands, shout aloud,
Conraddin's standard crowd;
And *Liberty*, the cry,
For *Sicily*, or *die*.

In plum'd delight the warriors issue forth,
Freedom's hop'd for *triumph* sharing:
But, as the south, met by the blasting north,
So fate arrests their noble daring.
They fight—they bleed—their fallen strew the plain,
Faint, and more faint, still cheer in battle strain—
"Ye thousands! shout aloud,
Conraddin's standard crowd—"
Still "*Liberty*," they cry,
"For Sicily!"—and *die*.

That cherish'd *standard* foes possess;
And victory now, *their* thousands cried!
The suffering friends, in peasant's dress,
Awhile the usurper's power defied.
But *want* pursued, and *treachery* betrayed!
To Charles of France his captives led—
Mock funeral pomp the tyrant *taunting* made;
Their *requiems* peal'd as for the *dead*.
Then faithful Frederick met
The scaffold's blow;
His sun, scarce risen, set
For Austria's woe.

What clattering hoofs at distance bound?
Naples reverberates the sound—
With death roll drums.
An empress comes!
Conraddin's *mother* ransoms her lov'd child.
And where is he? Ah! agonized and wild,

His arms infolding—
Strain'd eyes beholding
Frederick's features—ever, ever dear:
And while he gazes—tear succeeding tear:
His pardon oft he begs,
That thus the bitter dregs;
The finish'd cup; the ignominious blow!
For *him!* for him! this faithful friend laid low.

Conraddin bent over the dead,
For *his* hero had sunk to his rest:
The spirit of Austria had fled,
But Conraddin's beat high in his breast.
In the last glow of fervor it rose,
While the spears glitter round of his *foes.*
Proudly amidst the host he cast his glove:
"Be *his* my kingdom—*his* my country's love,
Who dares avenge Conraddin's wrongs and woes."
For Sicily he sighs!
For Liberty he dies.

The fatal axe's severing stroke,
A feeble groan of pity woke;
But O! what grief was hers!
Not bands of men—not swords or spears,
Prevail against a *mother's* fears:
Danger in vain deters.
Alas! too late she comes!
Loud, louder beat the drums——

* * * * * * *

A porphyry pillar marks the blood-stain'd place,
Where fell these heroes of a noble race.
Their ashes in the *church of tears* repose,
And there the Empress sought her wounds to close:

Sacredly mourned ; endowed that church ; the poor
A *Monument!* which longer shall endure
Than her fair statue, at the entrance placed,
Or all that panegyric ever traced.

LYDIA.

Where "Philip's warlike Son" his valiant troops,
Fam'd Macedonia's mail clad bands,
Marshall'd in crested pride—unrivall'd host!
A little *Oratory* stands,
Shelter'd by trees: a river's limpid stream,
The weary traveller cools in mid-day beam.

Forth to this oratory's sacred shade,
Saint Paul his frequent footsteps bent
When at Philippi—where of late arriv'd,
By heavenly inspiration sent—
To Macedonia's unwak'd Gentile race,
Offered the mercy of salvation's grace.

Here a few *Jews* their holy Sabbath kept,
No synagogue for sacrifice;
They worshipp'd God apart from Roman crowds,
And impious idolatries.
So small their number, that no ruler sway'd,
And chiefly *females* sought that favour'd shade.

Among them—one of Asiatic birth,
Dealer in costly purple suits,
Who at Philippi dwelt—a *Proselyte*—
Ordained to bring forth richer fruits
Than Judaism. *This* Gentile convert's name,
On *Europe's* record, holds *first* Christian claim.

Bright honor, Lydia! where on history's page
Could read thy name so proudly? Deeds

Of patriotism; pomp, or regal state,
Learning, or titles—earth's frail weeds—
Compar'd to this pre eminence. How blest!
Thy heav'n appointed calling stands confest.

Lydia was rich in all of worldly wealth,
And here example in her conduct shines;
He who weak nature knew in every point,
How close the love of wealth entwines—
Grasps *all* the heart of some within its fold;
Hardly the bliss of heav'n exchang'd for gold—

Pronounced—"*scarce can a rich man enter heaven.*"
Praise to the men who justly prize
Confided treasures, for their trial given:
Source of pure pleasures to the wise;
Enjoy'd, imparted—then the glitt'ring dust
Diffusing blessings, is a favor'd trust.

Ages have roll'd, and millions pass'd away,
The *Oratory* chang'd in form;
Trees of new growth their shelt'ring tribute give,
And still, protected from rude storm,
The limpid river ever flows along,
And wearied travellers there sweet rest prolong.

Whence yonder noble figures moving thither?
The texture of their drapery coarse;
Simple the costume—but that lofty bearing
Speaks through impassion'd gesture's force,
The tone and mind of one whose thoughts run high,
However fortune may its gifts deny.

The finest Grecian contour shapes the face
Of her! extending that fair hand
To him of stately step, and beauty's mould.

He stops—and silently they stand :
While strong expression in each feature glowing,
The rapture told within—spontaneous flowing.

Too much was felt for even love just then,
To tell its bliss. Her hand he rais'd,
Press'd to his lips, with grateful, tender joy.
" My Delphia ! O, be Alla prais'd,
I clasp thee safe ! *Thy* own, by thee preserv'd,
By Woman's love with Christian firmness nerv'd.

Add dearest Azab—valorous mercy too !
Still Woman's love thy guardian be :
But O, remember when thy life blood gush'd,
In the deep cell of misery—
If ever bless'd again with light and air,
Remember Delphia's heav'n beseeching prayer !

When thy faint spirit did with mine *unite*,
Instead of Alla *once* did say—
Save, Jesus Christ ! Thou, and thy plighted Greek,
Were heard that all auspicious day.
The Koran with thy Moslem turban banish,
Be all a *Christian*—thine, till life shall vanish.

Before united Greece in strength arose—
Azab, a Turkish grandee's son,
Who bore the Othman seal of life and death ;
Consciously affection won—
And consciously his bosom nurs'd a flame ;
Yet how combine with Love a Christian name ?

His Delphia's father, wealthy and of rank ;
Beneath a yoke—free spirit wore.
Conceal'd his plans, steady, and sure, and bold ;
This wily Greek, with open door,

Welcom'd his Turkish masters ; spoke them fair;
But youthful Azab—*truly* welcom'd there—

There, till his peace was lost. To wed ! vain hope,
A Mussulman—Delphia a *Greek*—
The Koran wander'd in his recreant thoughts.
Imperious *love* would bid him seek
One only way—to proselyte the maid ;
Or yield *himself*. Disturb'd, confus'd, afraid—

Now burst the deep toned war sound gathering,
Wak'd by the spirits of the Free.
'Tis deadly carnage : merciless revenge
When *scimitars* strike Liberty !
The crescent triumphs. Greeks resist and die—
Rally to perish—for they scorn to fly.

Distant awhile those scenes of cruel slaughter,
In silence *mark'd* at Delphia's home,
Too soon approaching. Bands of Turkish forces,
Lawless in depredation roam.
Young Azab wretched—loath'd his martial garb;
And spiritless bestrode his favorite Barb.

And jealousy's keen pangs their torment add,
Confirm his miserable state.
Euphorion, who *long* had lov'd—now sued
With Delphia's, to connect *his* fate.
Her father promis'd to reward his worth;
Pleas'd to bestow his child on equal birth.

Fruitless this gallant suitor's pleading ;
She listen'd with averted eye.
Chill'd was that heart of noblest feeling—
Doom'd but a little while to sigh.
The war sound comes ! destruction in the blast :
The streets are shambles—Grecian blood flows fast.

The turban'd strew the ground. One struggle more,
Euphorion leads on. The crescent bends.
Azab advances—plants the banner's staff;
Fierce combat follow'd: Bravely he defends—
But victory crowns the *Greek*. Ha, does *he* fall?
Yes, valiant soldiers—spread your hero's pall.

Borne away senseless. Delphia's father near,
Commands the warrior *home*. 'Tis done,
Euphorion lives! Intreats he may behold
His fondly lov'd. As for a son
Her father feels. His weeping daughter comes;
Cold—listening to the distant Turkish drums.

He waves his hand to be awhile alone.
Delphia! *my* moments numbered—are but few:
Tell me, fair girl, is Azab dear to thee?
He *is* I see! nor longer will pursue
This tender point. O thou, *more* lov'd than life—
Yet thou may'st be the generous Azab's wife.

Almost a Christian—love's delightful task
Shall *wholly* change, then *take* his valued heart.
He fell—deep wounded; start not: Marcus call:
He for his *Friend* will save a foe. Depart
While yet my voice remains—my fleeting breath;
Or both thy faithful lovers sleep in death.

n agony she press'd his nerveless hand:
Marcus the low laid Azab found,
Veltering in gore. 'Twas night. He bore him thence:
Conceal'd in safety: careful bound
His many wounds: to Delphia tidings brought,
Vho in disguise her dying lover sought.

h! when she watch'd beside him, long sad hours,
Soothing his anguish in that place of woe,

Fearing in every tender leave she took,
'Twas *his last* yearning clasp below,
Solemn she taught her hope beyond the grave;
Christ's full atonement, which in *death* will *save*.

Slow he recover'd. Marcus now presents
His lov'd Euphorion's *bequest*.
Tell Azab Christian charity *sublimes!*
Meliorates the human breast.
Greeks fight for *Liberty;* conquerors *forgive;*
Foes fall in battle; their *prisoners* should *live!*

This Azab proves. O, may the lesson *teach;*
Honor's untarnish'd zeal inspire.
To *spare* the fallen, crowns a victor's triumph!
Bid Azab's spirit never *tire*,
Till chang'd the Koran for the Gospel light;
Then, Delphia *his*, earth has no fate so bright.

For Azab's safe departure Marcus plans;
But *without Delphia*, still despair.
He pleaded, promised to embrace her faith;
She lov'd, believ'd, and hither fled the pair.
Anxious she strives to *fix* religious feeling,
Eternal life's unchanging joys revealing.

Explains the Scriptures—points where *Lydia* dwelt,
Saint Paul her guest—whose unremitting zeal,
Pursuing righteously his mighty work,
Stamp'd with Jehovah's everlasting seal:
Its glorious testimony spread around,
And made the *Oratory* holy ground.

Now, where the masters of the Sybil slave,
Whom Paul disturb'd—had silenced? Fierce with rage
And disappointment furiously beset:

Not Lydia's wealth or friendship could assuage;
They on Saint Paul and Silas roughly sprang,
And at Philippi, tumult loudly rang.

Cast out by *Christ's* great name the Sybil's power;
Her master's means of gain thus gone,
Revengeful malice might pursue to *death;*
Faint hope upon deliverance shone.
She mourns; she supplicates in *that* great name
For whom they now endur'd, stripes, scoffs and shame.

'Tis midnight at Philippi. Ponderous walls
Inclose the captives. Azab! *they* now pray'd.
The melody of praise in faith ascends;
The mighty Hearer, wings his powerful *aid;*
That all-directing voice *commands*; earth quakes;
Wide burst the massy doors; the prison shakes;

While fearful tremblings seize awakening men.
Rushing, the *keeper* in dismay,
Falls at his prisoners' feet: those feet releas'd;
Pleads to be told *salvation's* way!
And ere the morning dawn'd on gladden'd eyes,
The keeper's mental night forever flies.

"'And were those Saints to liberty restor'd?"
Once more, dear Azab! did kind Lydia greet
With woman's grateful, heart-felt welcome,
With friendship's holiest ministration sweet,
The sacred Teachers. They awhile took rest;
Left the *Philippian convert* truly blest.

WRITTEN AS AN
INTRODUCTION TO THE ALBUM
OF A FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

What is an Album like? O, tell,
Thou *idlest* of the muses.
I pray thee tune my vocal shell;
To bid its feeble notes excel!
Each nobler aid *refuses*.

Mean while I'll *say*, 'Tis like a dream—
Made up of various things—
Where learning, wit, and wisdom beam;
Where visions speak, and real seem,
And bard, transported sings,

Rapturous Love, in sapphic strains,
While paphian zephyrs toy;
Gives to *their* wings, his transient pains;
Infolds him in the magic chains,
Wove by ecstatic joy!
Imagination's bliss,
With Hymeneal kiss,
Sighs its delight in beauty's ear,
Responsive heaves the bosom dear.

Now jealousy, and rage, and wrong;
Now hatred fierce exclaiming!
Leagues with revenge, and pours along,
With treachery dark, and malice strong,
Murder and rapine framing.

Fear with distorted haggard form,
Struggles to plead with what she flies;
For hope, beguiles the passions warm,
But leaves her, to depair's cold storm.
Convulsively she sighs—

Grasps madness now; her death-like hand,
With monstrous laughter chiding;
Springs down the deep abyss as bland,
As though a guardian Seraph band,
The desperate leap were guiding:

Now history traces vast design,
By bird of *omen* blighted.
Tales now of gold and silver mine;
Bright in the miser's thoughts they shine,
New hopes of gain excited.

Hark! to the battle clarion's sound,
Danger the bosom steels.
Resisted death—yields not the ground:
His triumph told on younder mound,
Where weeping Pity kneels.

Pages unfold. A fairer scene
Floats lightly on the fancy;
A streamer'd ship, through waves serene;
O'er the gay side young seamen lean,
In chorus sing of *Nancy*.

Illusive *dream*. From ocean's cave,
Where slept the mighty wind,
Forth rushing from a transient grave,
Rends the smooth air. The trembling wave,
Tumultuous, unconfin'd,

Forced into action's wildest foam,
Ten thousand mountains rise.

Where now those gallant seamen's *home?*
Ah! *never* from it shall they roam;
Grief to their memory sighs.

Ambition! vainly didst thou reach
The pinnacle of glory;
Won honor at the well fought breach;
Thy laurels strew yon stormy beach—
An *Album* tells thy story.

Now song, and music's melting sounds,
Captivate the senses.
The bosom with emotion bounds,
For every *softened* scene surrounds,
That memory dispenses.

The measure changes: Festive now,
Mingling figures dancing.
But *who* appears with polished brow,
Graceful, and fair, and tall as *thou!*
A cherished form advancing?

Dare I proceed—O, *can* I say,
That every thing's a dream?
Such seems to be the *Album's* lay.
Is *friendship* but a vision's ray,
That plays on summer stream?

No! 'tis the solace of the breast,
When faithful, gen'rous, pure;
With every gentle joy imprest;
Happier makes the portion blest!
In life's rude blasts as *sure.*

No dream is Virtue's high emprise,
Resisting sense and fashion;
Vice, and *false* pleasure it denies:

Its noble pride nor faints, nor dies—
Subdues unworthy passion.

Nor godlike *Charity*, where deed,
Unsullied as the light,
Sheds like its source, on flower and weed,
A bright effulgence as they need:
For *it* there is no night.

Nor patriotism's genuine glow;
That self devoted zeal,
Which patriot bosoms only know,
Pledged to their country's *weal* or *woe*;
The bond—Religion's seal.

The muse descends. On bended knee,
I beg the harp of minstrelsy;
But she *my* suit disdains.
Scribbler! she cries! O, fearful ire;
The angry prelude swelling higher,
Then sunk to milder strains:

Offending mortal! who invoked
The *idlest* of the Muses!
Displeasure such appeal provoked—
But know, displeasure is revoked;
Thy ignorance excuses.

There *is* no *idler* of the nine;
Parnassus has no corner,
Where a tired muse might soft entwine,
Lethean or nectarean vine,
Or myrtles to adorn her.

Vines, myrtles, roses, all conceal'd,
Countless *Petitions* choak them;
Myriads of Authors have appeal'd,

Whose *liltings* must lie unreveal'd;
  Happy for those who croak them.

And thine, contempt had nearly crush'd,
  Almost with *earthly* rage;
But every churlish thought was hush'd,
And every muse with pleasure blush'd—
  K*** grac'd the TITLE PAGE."

Apollo struck a thrilling chord:
  Delight her; O, my nine!
For her I issue this award.
Ye tuneful spheres! with sweet accord,
  Proclaim *her Album* mine.

WOMAN.

When the great Lord of all creation, threw
The shrouding mantle round his cross,
Near as she might his *heart-pierc'd* mother drew;
There mourn'd in agony her loss:
Beheld her *Innocent*, mysterious sight,
Ere yet the gathering darkness, deep as night,

Shut from the parent gaze his cherish'd form;
The light effulgent of that eye—
Whose look creative death's cold touch could warm;
Bid *Nain's* lone *Widow's* sorrow fly,
Waken to life! *her* all, *her* joy, *her* Son!
New life, new hope, new happiness begun.

Must *He* thus suffer? Trembling mother, yes!
Silence profound. *He speaks.* The stricken band
Lift up their heads—a moment *think* of bliss:
Perhaps the merciful—the pow'rful hand,
Which heal'd and sav'd—and captive tempests led,
May now the Cross *destroy:* Around him spread,

Victory, honor—a bright sceptre wield:
Death's Conqueror! the *Wonderful* his name;
Israel restor'd—rejoice beneath his shield—
The godlike miracle! its hosts proclaim!
He speaks. Woman's and friendship's hearts ascend;
Ah! still those mangling nails destroy the *Friend.*

Yet consolation! tender, filial care,
Soothe his afflicted Mother's groans.
"*Behold thy Son.*" He whom he lov'd was there!

Saint John. For him not splendid thrones,
Not all the richest honors of the earth,
So dear as that blest token of his worth.

Behold thy mother. Saviour of mankind,
Thy last sweet deed, for weakness felt;
For woman helpless most—and frail, and blind:
To man, kind lesson thou hast dealt—
In ev'ry just monition, full of grace!
Gently reprov'd, the weakest of their race.

Through crucifixion's agonizing strife,
What love to human nature shone!
Forgiving those who rack'd his sinless life.
Then *Woman* wept. She dwelt upon
His kindness—*their* blood guilt; and horror glides
Midst her chill'd veins. No more the crowd derides.

Black darkness awes! *Three fearful hours*, *'tis night*,
Though noon of day: Creation's mourning.
Bewilder'd Heathens call'd in strange affright—
"The world to nothing is returning;
Or nature's God now suffers." Lo, he *dies*.
The Temple's veil is rent. The flint rock flies—

All things convuls'd. Dull death-bound graves, yawn wide;
And many walk on earth again
That slept beneath. The Roman soldier cried,
Who watch'd the Saviour's dying pain,
Witness'd the prodigies of *that* dread hour,
Surely "this was the Son of God" with power.

Now came the Victory. The sceptre gleam'd:
Destroy'd mortality's worst parting fears,
The mighty rais'd *Himself!* Mankind redeem'd

From darkness, sin, the grave, and tears.
Earth had receiv'd him, but could not retain
Earth's HEAVENLY MAKER! No, He lives again!

And who beheld him *first?* ah, dear reward,
For Woman's every pang below;
She, *first Transgressor*, saw our risen Lord:
First given the glorious truth to know—
He *liv'd!* the LORD OF LIFE, to pardon sins:
The pledge with *her*, thus every way begins.

All was fulfill'd. In her the promise made,
Accomplish'd now. Hail! thou *art* blest!
And ever shall the Gospel's precious aid,
Sooth suppliant Woman's trusting breast;
Should all on earth be dark, and nature fail,
God over all with saving word prevail.

Utter'd by lips divine, is she afraid
In her freed heart to fold that word?
To check presumptuous speech that may invade,
From *self* sufficient—or absurd?
Whose *Reason* scoffs, which cannot form a *fly*,
Produce a leaf, or breath of air supply!

But where's that wonder, *sceptic Woman's* place,
Among *some* letter'd and *some* learn'd?
With them life's various grand pursuits to trace;
Its pride, but not its *peace* discern'd:
Vain of a little knowledge taught by men,
Yet daring to dispute the *inspir'd* pen.

Let Woman never deem she pleases man,
With *Anti-Christian* doctrines bold.
Ask—when arranging some fond future plan,

Of wedded love, and time grown old:
Ask of *his choice;* Alas, though unbelief
May chain *his* mind—though he of sinners chief—

Her he selects, who Christian faith reveres;
Walks humbly with her God: Believes!
He knows that virtue may dissolve in tears;
That *moral* honor oft deceives;
Then, though a sceptic, seeks a *Christian* Wife,
To rear his children for that *other* life.

Yes, for another life. Behold, he starts!
Pauses—proceeds. Christ *prov'd* himself no *foe;*
And the dear progeny from whom he parts,
Sav'd from a *doubtful* fate, or endless woe—
Infolded in a Christian mother's arms,
He sinks alone, and innocence embalms.

For ever honor'd stands the name of More,
And Barbauld's venerable zeal:
Ask yonder Patriot, at his happy door—
His children ask, *Who* taught to feel?
To soar with seraph wing above yon skies,
And win the blooming wreath that *never* dies.

Was it De Stael, with erudition's grasp,
Genius and sentiment's exhaustless powers?
Or Du Deffand? O, why lurks there the asp!
Infidelity that wreath deflowers.
Why should a pen of literary skill
Teach ev'ry lesson, but a Saviour's will?

It was a *Mother*, and thee, *Hannah More*—
Form'd those young hearts, and gemm'd their glowing minds
With Christianity's unsullied ore;

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ERRATA.

Page 52, line 12, *etherial* for ethereal—again, page 47, line 30, *sound* for round—page 77, line 19, *nder* for yonder—page 36, line 15, *hodls* for hold.

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